CLOMPHDORF
FTANG ARANG.
MERRY CHRISTMAS, AND GOOD WILL TO ALL MEN →
→ WELL, MOST?
PRICE? 20pence.
ICPX

MR. ICE CREAM PARLOUR PRESENTS

The introduction 2 No3 of Clomphdorf Ftang Ftang — and hasn't it been a nice bigonia since the last one, No it hant, in fact it's been quite a short one and my bits a bit on the bitty side, specially the bits about the bits concerning the brighter side of the flute and No2 wasn't quite as bitty, seeyin as all the bits were made less-bitey by the fact that we were bitten by the kitchen utensil Yeah, nor do I, coz me and Paul, the other one were at the gig the gig, the gog, the gand, the gont, gonths, gonthsw, gonthswen and the other people on the close-cercit tv set. Because the bits were back in the gondola and Mr Cardboard Cut-outs in Room 407 and then one Write, now this bit is dedicated 2 the goblin on the toadstall of life.

Mother, I've tried plead beleed ned, I not the best person I am, I'm sad, so sad, for me, not you coz you're probably Comch Up wanting for this 2 happenum, so is buy buy, is this the end now, Read on, Vomit, Die, Burn, Squeeze Sulph Dragon Tulip Paper Clip Film Violent. Crack Death, Cease

So see me, hear me, speak to me and smell me when you've got summut 2 say 2 me, say it or write or telepot it, whether its good, or bad or nothing, dont, so only if its worth it, do it, coz I like people who talk 2 me, coz people who don't talk 2 me don't get known by me, therefore, I don't know whether I like them or not, do ya understand coz ←he don't and he don't, and she can't 4 the likes of the people who walk on cracks in the pavement and the rockpools of shame are slowing me down, sometimes, I don't even feel I'm alive, when I don't go out, I stay in and dep. meself ph and feel like the book of SAHT, ok?

Dance Dance Dance TO The Radio...

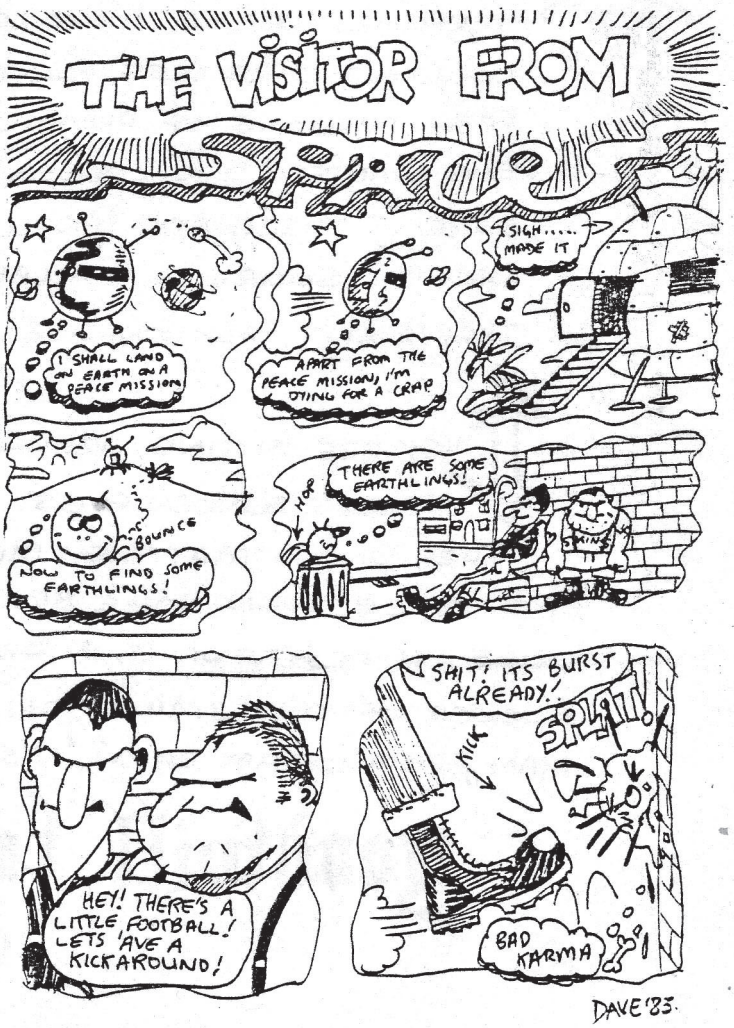
NI!

WELL? ARE YOU DANCING? DIDN'T MR PARLOUR GET THOSE FUNKY VIBES FLOWING THROUGH YA? NICE TO BE HERE WITH NO. 3. THANKS 100% TO THOSE WHO'VE RESPONDED WITH POEMS, ARTWORK ETC. THAT'S THE WHOLE IDEA OF CFA. THE MORE THE MERRIER. SPECIAL GREETINGS TO "E·M." FOR THE BEAUTIFUL LETTER, YOU'RE SUCH A KIND, UNDERSTANDING PERSON. IF YOU GIVE ME YOUR ADDRESS NEXT TIME PERHAPS WE CAN BE FRIENDS RATHER THAN ENEMIES — YAH? ISN'T IT COLD? DOES ANYONE WANT TO SELL A BASS GUITAR? LET ME KNOW.

ABOUT TIME WE HAD SOME REAL RESPONSE TO ELL DINGO'S OUTBURST IN ISSUE 2. WHERE HAVE ALL YOU CARCASS-EATERS GOT TO? MR. VIRGIN SAYS HE'S SORRY ABOUT ANY OFFENSE BUT THE WHOLE IDEA WAS TO GET PEOPLE WRITING IN. THIS ISSUE IS MUCH MORE STRAIGHTFORWARD AND LESS OFFENSIVE THAN NORMAL BUT DON'T PANIC, THERE'S STILL 1 OR 2 ARTICLES WITH NAUGHTY WORDS IN IT. (GASP!!!) ANYWAY- GET ON WITH IT- READ- GET ANNOYED / OR INSPIRED — AND **WRITE!!!!**

LOVES + KISSESES,
MR. LAMPSHADE.

↓ DAVE APOSTLE'S CARTOON ↓



christmas means cruelty

YOU ARE SITTING AROUND THE TABLE ON DECEMBER THE 25TH, IT'S OUR JESUS' BIRTHDAY. ON THE TABLE, AWAITING DADDY'S SHARP CARVING KNIFE IS THE STEAMING CARCASS OF A DEAD ANIMAL, A TURKEY, A CHICKEN, A DEAD ANIMAL. IT'S GRISLED FLESH IS THE RESULT OF MONTHS OF TORTURE AND PAIN. A MONUMENT TO YOUR GREEDY DESIRES. BLIND, THE STEEL SINKS INTO CHEMICALLY PRODUCED MEAT. BLIND, YOU EAT.

AFTER DINNER THE FAMILY SIT TOGETHER AND MAKE MERRY. THEY ENJOY THEIR CHAT AND THEIR DRINKS, THEY ARE SAFE. THEY KNOW THEY ARE OKAY, THEY KNOW THEY ARE 'NORMAL'. EVERYBODY EXAMINES THEIR PRESENTS. SOLDIERS AND ACTION MEN FOR THE BOYS, DOLLS AND TOY COOKING UTENSILS FOR THE GIRLS. DAD'S BEEN GIVEN SOME NEW TOOLS AND SOME AFTERSHAVE LOTION. MUM'S GOT LOADS OF 'BEAUTY' AIDS, PERFUME, CREAMS, POWDERS, MAKE-UP. 'BEAUTIFUL'. SHE COULDN'T CARE LESS FOR THE LIFE THAT WAS TAKEN AWAY FROM MILLIONS OF ANIMALS SO THAT SHE COULD GET WHAT SHE WANTED. SHE COULDN'T CARE LESS. AND SHE DOESN'T CARE IF THERE ARE 'BEAUTY' PRODUCTS AVAILABLE FROM NATURAL SOURCES AVAILABLE AT HER LOCAL HEALTH SHOP— THEY AREN'T FASHIONABLE.

THEY ARE SITTING AROUND A FIRE, STARING INTO EACH OTHERS SUNKEN EYES.... LOSING HOPE, LOSING FAITH. THEY KNOW THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE SOME RICE IN A COUPLE OF DAYS, OR EVEN SOME BREAD IF THEY WERE LUCKY. A BABY CRIES, IT IS STARVING, IT DIES. BUT THEY STILL HAVE A FLICKER OF DETERMINATION INSIDE, AFTER ALL, WHAT HAD THE MAN FROM OXFAM SAID?..'IT'S CHRISTMAS?..'WHAT'S THAT?

goodwill to all (hu)men

» WE'RE VERY GRATEFUL TO ANDY T. FOR THIS ARTICLE, THANKS A LOT. «

IN THE HIGH STREET, THE BUTCHERS SHOP IS CRAMMED WITH MEAT. We object to the senseless slaughter of innocent living animals. for far too long we have sat back and turned a blindeye. The selfish profiteers continue to make a living out of murder. Every day thousands of creatures die to feed fat smiling mouths of a decent general public. Still we desperately try to ignore the gory reality and are content to do nothing. But now is the time to stand up and act for the animals. There is a nationwide campaign taking place at this very moment, groups of people all over britain are fed up with the apathetic silence. They are making their angry voices heard. The protest has started in the form of glueing up locks on butchers shops, printing leaflets explaining our feelings about the death trade. Post them thru the doors of the shops that have been glued up so that the owners will realise that it is not petty vandalism, send a leaflet to the local press and radio stations and make your voices heard. This is not just a blind protest, we are demanding that the windows on all butchers shops be blacked out. Public morality demands that the windows on sex shops be blacked out, but many people find dead carcasses more obscene and disturbing than bits of plastic and rubber.

WE ARE QUESTIONING PUBLIC MORALS !

If our demands are not met satisfactorally, further action will be taken. The further action can take two forms, continued glueing of the locks or stronger action like smashing the windows until the butchers get fed up with putting new glass in and board their windows up instead. Then our objectives will be achieved. If you feel strongly about this subject, start a protest in your town, dont let the death dealers and money grabbers get away with it any longer. The best glue to use is superglue, it sets very quickly and very solid, it only needs a small amount to put the lock out of action. The shops will need to spend valuable time changing the locks, locksmiths also cost quite a lot of money. Dont leave any fingerprints on the leaflets or locks. Always use gloves. It's best to use letraset to do the leaflets, typewriters and handwriting can be traced by thepolice. Otherwise use a friends typewriter who lives in a different town. JUST BE CAREFUL AND USE YOUR HEAD AT ALL TIMES! You must be prepared to defend your actions of caught and taken to court. If your case goes to court, spread the news around the country and drum up support. There are many of us here. Our numbers are multiplying every week. Many have felt the need to act, but have either not known how to, or have not had the courage, now is the time to make known our true feelings!!

-LET'S HAVE ACTION —— LET'S HAVE FREEDOM !!

MEAT IS MURDER—OR IS IT?

THANKS TO GINA FOR THIS HONEST RESPONSE TO OUR ARGUMENT — OKAY, HERE GOES.....

A REAL LETTER 1 OF OVER 30!!

"I AGREE THAT A MINK WEARS IT'S FUR BETTER THAN SOME SICK WOMAN, I ALSO THINK THAT EXPERIEMENTS ON ANIMALS TO SEE THAT SHAMPOO, COSMETICS, DEODORANTS ETC. ETC. ARE DISGUSTING, POINTLESS AND WASTEFUL.... BUT JUST AS I CONDEMN BEAUTY VIVISECTION I SUPPORT MEDICAL VIVISECTION. I DON'T CARE HOW MANY ANIMALS DIE IF THIS WILL LEAD TO BETTER CANCER TREATMENT OR CURE. OKAY, I DON'T LIKE TO SEE ANIMALS IN PAIN, BUT THE FACT IS THAT HUMAN'S ARE MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANIMALS AS THE WORLD IS NEW..... HOWEVER, THERE IS A MINORITY OF PEOPLE WHO FEEL SO STRONGLY ABOUT ANIMAL RIGHTS THAT THEY BECOME VEGETARIANS OR EVEN VEGANS. EATING MEAT, FOR THEM, IS DISGUSTING AND EVEN IMMORAL. THESE DISGUSTING ANIMAL EATERS WHO GO HOME TO CORPSE AND TWO VEG. THESE VEGETARIANS ARE SO BLOODY SUPERIOR! THEY TRY TO CONVERT YOU BY SAYING "YOU'LL LIVE LONGER", THIS REMINDS OF THE OLD JOKE WHICH SAYS: "YOU WON'T LIVE LONGER BUT IT'LL SEEM LIKE IT!" IF PEOPLE DON'T WANT TO EAT MEAT, OKAY. BUT AFTER WORDS LIKE SELFISH, GREEDY, THOUGHTLESS ARE THROWN AT YOU WELL IT DOES GET ONE'S BACK UP (REFERRING TO CFA 2). SO HERE ARE MY REASONS WHY MY PLATE HAS A CORPSE ON IT:

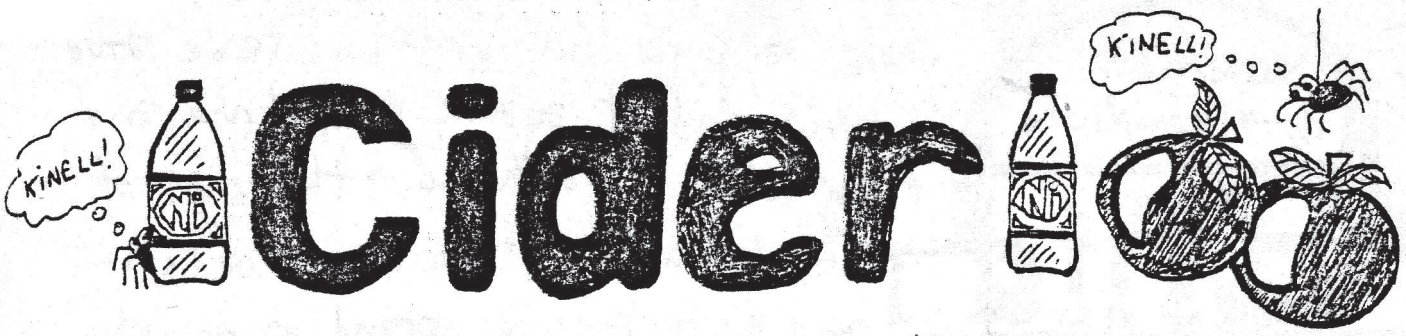
BIOLOGICALLY: OUR TEETH ARE OMNIVORE IN STYLE, THAT IS, WE ARE DESIGNED TO EAT MEAT AND VEGETABLES. IF WE WERE NOT MEANT TO EAT MEAT OUR DIGESTIVE SYSTEMS WOULD BE LONGER..... IN OTHER WORDS THE GOOD LORD MEANT US TO EAT MEAT!

PRACTICALLY: IF BY SOME MIRACLE WE ALL STOPPED EATING MEAT WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO THE ANIMALS? BREED THEM FOR THE FUN OF IT? SET THEM FREE?..... IF THE WORLD BECAME VEGETARIAN WE'D HAVE TO GET RID OF THE CONCRETE JUNGLE; RETURN TO MEDIEVAL ENGLAND WHERE ANIMALS WANDERED AROUND IN FIELDS.... A STEREOLESS, CARLESS, SYNTHLESS WORLD. COULD YOU LIVE WITHOUT YOUR RECORDS AND YOUR CENTRAL HEATING? YES, I KNOW THAT THIS IS A MATERIALISTIC POINT OF VIEW BUT NEVER THELESS IT'S ALSO A VALID POINT OF VIEW...

GO ON, I AWAIT YOUR HATE LETTERS...."

GINA P.

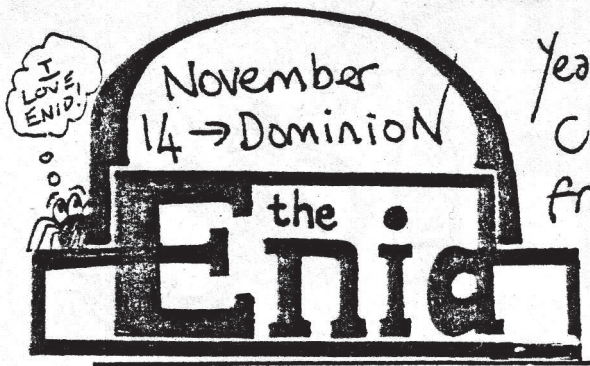
THANK YOU; ANYONE ELSE WANTING TO GIVE SOME REASONABLE OPINIONS IS MORE THAN WELCOME.....



"THERE'S ONLY TWO THINGS I ENJOY MORE THAN A NICE BOTTLE OF MERRYDOWN CIDER..... STRONGBOW CIDER AND TAUNTON CIDER!-"

SO SAID HE WITH THE LARGE GREEN POUCH AND COOL OVERHANGING BACKDROP. AND CAN ONE IN FLAME BEGIN TO MEASURE THE SERPENTINE TREASURES OF SUCH A BRIEF....? HARK! SWEET BLOODY JERUSALEM CAN FINGER IN TIME WITH THE LOVELY JUICES OF NATURE'S TREE. DECIDE FOR YOURSELF IF THE BAND CAN MAKE ENOUGH SPACEY NOISES AS THE PIPER. ARTIFICIALLY MAINTAINED IN YOUR NUMBED BRAIN LIES THE DREAM OF A THOUSAND AUBERGEINES, LIFE ONCE OUT THROUGH A BOOK DEPENDS BASICALLY ON THE ENDLESS RITUALS OF SPACE. LIKE SO ON WE WAIT AND THEN FIGHT PROPERLY. LONELY NIGHT TIME AND MOTHER TELLS A STRANGE STORY BUT YOU CANNOT HEAR HER FOR SHE IS DEAD. NEVER FEAR, LIFE GOES ON WITHOUT YOU.

AWAKENING, AND THE FIRESTORMS OF ATMOSPHERES COLLIDE INTO YOUR FRAGILE SHELL; YOU LISTEN AND HEAR BUT WORK MUST BE DONE: KILL PEOPLE WHO HURT YOUR ANIMALS. MURDERERS OF FOXES RIPPED OFF THEIR HORSES AND FED TO THE FLOWERS. VIVISECT THE SURGEONS, POUR ACID INTO THEIR EYES. RAPE THE DEALERS OF FILTH AND PORNOGRAPHY, TEAR OFF THEIR MASCULINITY. THREATEN THE WARMONGERS WITH REASON, HONESTY, TRUTH. BECOME ONE AND FIGHT FOR THE LIVES OF THE OPPRESSED, IN TIME TO CONSUME ANOTHER BOTTLE, AND WISH INTO THE NIGHT. READY FOR ANOTHER DAY YOU, MYSELF AND ANOTHER WILL SPLIT UP INTO OUR PARTICLES AND GROW. THE SOUNDS OF SPACE BECKONING FROM THE BLACK WOMB OF INFINITY. AND TEARING AWAY MASQUES WE CEASE, AND BECOME SMOKE, HIPPO. PASS THE BOTTLE PLEASE SISTER.....



Yeah! → Good old Robert, Steve and Chris did it again; Zapped me, and from what I gathered → the rest of the listeners with their original and entertaining brand of noises

Just quickly → 2 supports →

IQ → quite a good, young band, talented, their just the right support 4 the Enid.

Pendragon → yo ho ho, not 2 hot, quite unentertaining.

And the Enid's set began with Robert John Godfrey's brother introducing the band and thanking everyone 4 coming.

The music began with a slow, quiet sound from the keyboard dept - gradually building up 2 a fantastic crescendo → as only Enid know how 2 do, properly. OK?

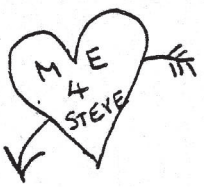
Among the tracks, were all the last album - 'Something Wicked This Way comes'. Also a track which was written 4 that album - 'Letter 2 America' but was left out, coz RJG thought it 2 ooh! political.

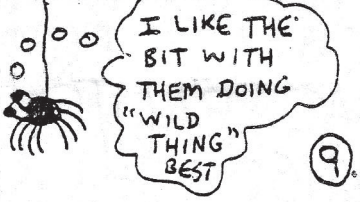
Throughout the gig, there was complete band/audience communication, with RJG answering questions fired at him by the fans and giving brief accounts of songs and experiences. As promised a new stage set + light show was 2 be seen → 4 great beams of green and blue light shafting up from beyond the massive keyboard stack of RJG and from behind the percussion section of session drummer and almost permanent 3rd member of the band - Chris North

Stephen Steward, guitarist, clad in silver glinting spandex and dropping rags, was centred on the stage, swaying and sweeping across the stage, like a -poseurless hero, risen from de dead →

During the track "Something Wicked..." a new video screen showd pictures and scenes from the bands form-based Suffolk home and paintings of William Arkle- an artiste- much appreciated by the band.
The video screen, although suffient 2 reflect what the band had 2 say, was a little bit dissappointing 2 what I expected, but there's always room 4 growth I spose. United → the band left the stage with a bow.
Not only was the music wonderful, exciting and moving, the appearance and movement of the members was good 2 watch.
The Enid are currently touring the country. They are trying 2 put together an fan club - 'The Stand' - which members get a free record, exclusive 2 members and info 'bout what's happnin'.
Anyway, if ya missed it, tough!!!, ya missed out on an experience. They've got a new album out in the spring name 'The Spell'.
I look forward 2 it v. much, also 2 the gig on Christmas Eve at the Marquee → discover a new experience and go! → OK.
4 info on 'the Stand' or anything → write 2 them, and expect summit back, coz their a very personal band and unlike most other bands, they care:

The ENID,
Claret Hall farm.
Near Clare,
Sudbury Suffolk.
Tel: 0787 278111.





Be a member of them and of one another!!!!!!

MR. I.C.P. X

DISEASE

MISTER ICE CREAM PARLOUR.

I'VE GOT A DISEASE, A NASTY DISEASE,
TERMINALLY WITHIN ME, PLAYING WITH MY INNERS,
TEASER OF MY CELLS..... I'VE GOT NO CURE, NOTHING
TO OVERCOME IT, CAN'T ~~TAKE~~ AWAY IT'S POWER,
TICKLING EVERY ORGAN, IT RULES MY EVERY MOVE.
ACHES WHEN I SLEEP, TINGLES WHEN I AWAKE,
BREAKS OFF TINY PARTS OF ME, CRUMBLING MY
MIND, MY NASTY LITTLE DISEASE, WILL NEVER CEASE,
MY INNERS ARE DEFORMED COZ MY DINNERS
~~ARE~~N'T UNBORN.....

ANDY T.

NO FREEDOM IN ESCAPISM

WHERE'S THE REVOLUTION WHEN YOU'RE TOO STONED
TO STAND? HOW DO YOU POSE A THREAT?
TO THE MILITARY PLAN WHEN THE MIND-NUMBING
SUBSTANCE TAKES A HOLD ON YOUR ACTIVITY,
YOUR SO CALLED PEACE IS JUST SELFISH ESCAPISM,
DROWNING IN APATHY, SHOW ME THE FREEDOM
YOU POSSESS..... THE FREEDOM TO
VEGETATE,... TO DIE, WHILE THE PREPARATION
FOR WAR BUILDS UP, YOU SWALLOW YOUR OWN LIES.

SUNSET

ELLDINGO VIRGIN ♉

NOW BLEEDING INTO THE SKY AS A GOLDEN,
SCARLET FLOOD OF OOZING GOODBYES, MY SUN
HAS REACHED THE DEATH OF ANOTHER DAY;
ANGRY, IT LINGERS, DRAINING LIGHT FROM
MY EYES, LEAVING ONLY DUSK, IN IT'S
GREYNESS, I SAY GOODBYE.....

CHAMBER OF HORRORS

ANDY T.

THE ROUGE ON YOUR CHEEKS IS THE BLOOD OF INNOCENT CREATURES, YOUR MASCARRA IS CHARRED FLESH BURNT TO ENHANCE YOUR FEATURES, YOUR LIPSTICK IS A SEVERED LIMB REMOVED BY A SCIENTISTS KNIFE, YOUR BEAUTY IS THE WORST KIND OF UGLINESS, THAT DESTROYS AN ANIMALS LIFE, IN THE LAB ON A MARBLE SLAB IT'S EPITAPH FOR ALL TO READ: "I GAVE MY LIFE FOR YOUR PRETTY FACE THAT YOU SO DESPERATELY NEED....."

DREAM FACTORY

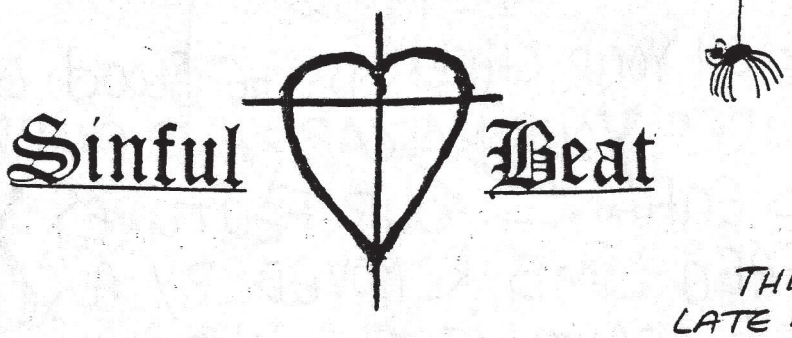
YULAPVIAN CORNELIUS III

ALIVE INSIDE COMES TEARING HEART, AND BRAIN THAT CHURNS WITH DEATHLY SCREAM, SO FEARED, ALIVE INSIDE BLEEDS ALL THE REASON HELD OUT LOUD TO SHOUT THE CAUSE. BUT DO YOU KNOW THE WAY? SO FAR AWAY IN SORROW BORN? NOT NOW, PEOPLE! YOUR KICKS INSIDE REPELL ALL TRUTH, LEAVE YOU BLIND WITH MUTED MINDS - BUT WHO COULD CARE? NOT YOU.... WAKE UP! WAKE UP! IT'S REALLY YOU, ALIVE INSIDE YOU SCREAM AND CRY, A BABY LIFE YOU DON'T KNOW WHY.... A DREAM FACTORY PRODUCT OF STENCH AND DECAY WHERE MEAT ISN'T MURDER IT'S PART OF THE DAY. IT'S PART OF THE DAY ANOTHER YOUNG LIFE WAS TORN AWAY.....

»A BODY IN THE FREEZER?«

Agent Orange.

Sinful Beat Music.



THIS IS A BIT LATE NOW, BUT IT WAS A GOOD GIG.

AGENT ORANGE

NOVEMBER, 1983

First off, the reasons for the name change - We no longer do the set Witchunt were doing, the line up has changed and certain members were not happy with the old name.

Since the last one of these back in August Andy (Ex Terminal Disaster, Sinfulbeat) has joined us on keyboards.

We've practically gone back to square one and are currently working on a completely new set.

We have provisionally lined up our first live appearance for the 30th. November, 1983 at the RECESSION STUDIO'S HACKNEY, PONSFORD ROAD, E.8.
Beyond this we have not planned yet - practice is the order of the moment!!!

Once said gig debut is behind is hopefully we'll do something about getting a demo tape cut. Then we should start work on our first single for SINFUL BEAT MUSIC.

The Line Up:-

PAUL - VOCALS/GUITAR
RICHARD - BASS/VOCALS
ANDY - KEYBOARDS/VOCALS
DAN - GUITAR/VOCALS
ELFYN - DRUMS

After the gig at Recession Dan the Guitar Man is gonna leave, ok? I don't know why, In fact I don't know why so much that I don't know my reasons for filling this space up and my groups of the artients are getting 4 good.

CONFIRMED

WRITE TO:-

PAUL (S.B.M.)
12, ALDEN AVENUE
WEST HAM,
LONDON,
E.15. 3AQ

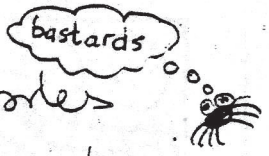
RICHARD snail
17, CARNANTON ROAD,
WALTHAMSTOW
LONDON,
E.17 4DB
01-531-0234

PLEASE ENCLOSE A STAMP

the Royal family → E·II·R → a Nation of Animal Lovers.

BASTARDSBASTARDSBASTARDS BASTARDSBASTARDSBASTARDSBASTARDSBASTARDSPOOFCOINBASTARDS BASTARDSBASTARDS BASTA

→ Great Britain, led by the immensely rich-Royal family are called 'a nation of animal lovers'. ok, so lets see if we really are, taking the members of royalty as ideals:



Fox Hunting is a 'sport' of which Prince Charles regularly takes part in. The Tory Government, in my view, does not ban the barbaric blood sport, in spite of all the anti-hunt meetings and people who disagree with it, only cos Chaly digs it.

Rodent regulating and control aint no argument!

→ In the Queens cuntry retreat (Balmoral, I think its called), Grouse are bred in the confined grounds especially 4 the Royal people 2 shoot. They are fatted up and a couple days before their slaughter are let loose on the unfamiliar grounds, without gaining an idea of what is safe 2 hide in and what's not, the cuntish besters scare them into the air 4 the knobs 2 shoot at. Isn't that nice of them?

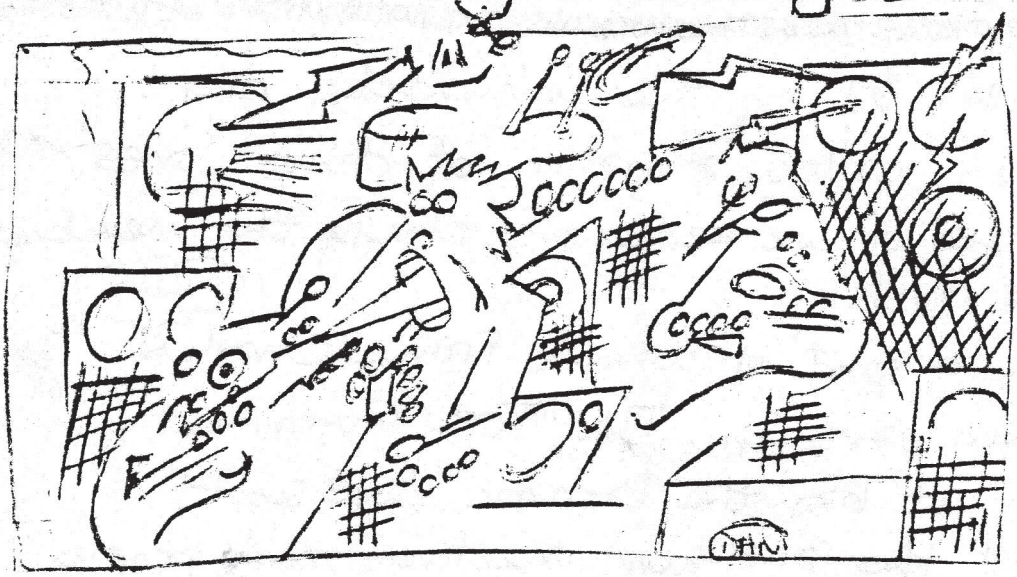
→ Its well-known that, that ever so 'beautiful' Princess Di is a great trendsetter of fashion and that anything she wears is thought the 'in-thing'. So when she wears them long white fur coats or shawls, the spunky money-grabbers think "Ah ah, we make money - if we do that". So more and more things are killed 2 launch the fur coats into a full-scale fashion thingy and mucho exploitation takes place. Remember → this is my opinion 'bout the Royal turdies, make your mind up yaself.

But take this into consideration ok?

(12)

by malcolm, the carpet squeezer from clydebank. X

this is Not agent Orange



IS THIS ME?

No - it's a figment of gaskinated lama droppings. Not nececelery.

-HOKAY-

AND THERE ain't nothing you cann do boutit.

Listening to Nik Turner + Inner City Unit, oh, oh, Virgin Love takes you there and back again. INNER CITY UNIT ARE INDEED A FINE BUNCH OF YOUNG MEN.

Dan Dan the Anarchy Man did the amazin drawing. Is it not a work of unmatched genius?

Timothy's brother John is coming down in 2 weeks but he can't make it for Xmas, sorry.

A DAWNING OF AGES

Let's get dee rhythym for dee two worlds.... →

HAWKWIND ARE NICE OK

GONG ARE ACE, BABEEEE.

At last a real reason for total normality.

Lesser-spotted Peruvian Tree Lama.

THE PARCOUR GOT HIS GONG BADGE YET

NO NUKES

DANCING TO HAWKWIND

A piggy's nose.

A LINE

I.C.U. dance steps in 3 easy lessons:

EAZY, AIN'T IT?

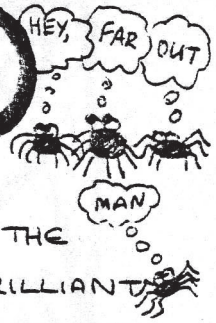
Ecky-ecky-ecky

DO THE I.C.U. SHUFFLE

THIS COULD BE AN ADVERT

STROLLER: Following the departure of their vocalist; Tim and Elliott are looking for a real singer with a good range to join the band. IF you're into heavy rock with an open mind phone Tim at 558-3783.

HAWKWIND

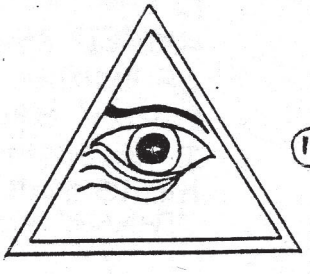


RELEASED AT THE TURN OF OCTOBER/NOVEMBER THIS WAS THE SECOND HAWKWIND ALBUM IN A MONTH, THE FIRST WAS THE BRILLIANT DOUBLE LIVE "TEXT OF A FESTIVAL". IN A WAY THIS FLICKNIFE RELEASE IS A "FRIENDS AND RELATIONS 3" WITH IT'S NICE ASSORTMENT OF MATERIAL AND PERFORMERS. ANYHOW, THESE ARE MY VIEWS OF THE ALBUM (EGOTISTIC? I'M JUST GIVING MY SUPPORT TO A BAND WHO DESERVE FUCKING MORE RESPECT THAN THEY GET.....) OKAY,...→

...→ OPENING WITH DAVE BROCK'S TITLE TRACK, WHICH IS A QUICK BURST OF ELECTRONIC TWIDDLING AND SPACE COMM (ALA CHURCH OF HAWKWIND STYLE, OR "PSYCHOSIS") I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE ANOTHER VERY SYNTHI ORIENTATED ALBUM. THE SECOND TRACK HOWEVER, KEITH HAYLE'S "DANGEROUS VISION", IS A REALLY MELODIC, HAUNTING PIECE OF MUSIC, NICE AND RESTRAINED WITH A GREAT GUITAR BREAK. MIKE MOORCOCK GUESTS ON "RUNNING THROUGH THE BACKBRAIN" WHICH IS SO "SONIC ATTACK" THAT IT MAY HAVE BEEN RECORDED AT THE SAME TIME, POSSIBLY A LEFT OUT TRACK WHICH WAS TO GO ON THE ALBUM BUT DIDN'T FIT. NOT A BAD TRACK, BUT NOT OUTSTANDING. "THE ISLAND" IS AN ORGASMIC VERSION OF "5TH SECOND OF FOREVER" PLAYED ON ELECTRIC GUITAR THAT IS SO BEAUTIFUL IT DEFIES ANYMORE DESCRIPTION..... LAST ON SIDE ONE IS THE FIRST LIVE TRACK, ANOTHER VERSION OF "MOTORWAY CITY", A BIT FAST BUT STILL ONE OF THE BEST TRACKS THEY'VE EVER WRITTEN.

ALL SIDE TWO IS LIVE (RECORDED MOSTLY I THINK ON THE LAST TOUR) AND ALTHOUGH IT'S REALLY ENJOYABLE I WISH THEY HAD INCLUDED "ARRIVAL AT UTOPIA" OR "WAITING FOR TOMORROW" INPLACE OF "SONIC ATTACK". "SOCIAL ALLIANCE" IS AMAZING; "UTOPIA" AND "DREAM WORKER" ARE GOOD EXAMPLES OF THE THING HAWKWIND ARE INTO THESE DAYS WHEN PLAYING LIVE, AND "BRAINSTORM"? WELL, BLAST ME INTO SPACE IF IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE AN (EVEN MORE) INSANE INNER CITY UNIT WHO'VE TAKEN THE STAGE INSTEAD OF HAWKWIND! WELCOME BACK NIK, THIS IS UTOPIA.....

ZONES



RECESSION

22-24 PONSFORD ST. HACKNEY E9

LIPVIP GROX DEFKIT BY LARRY PETERSON AND APOSTLES DAVE AND ANDY. THE FIRST WEEK MISSED BUT SECOND ON I FOLLOWED.... SOUNDS VERY GROVELLY OR EVEN TRENDY BUT ENJOYED NEARLY EVERY SINGLE BAND THATS BEEN THERE SO FAR. FERKIT! CANT GO THROUGH THE LOT IN DETAIL SO I'LL PICK OUT THE PERSONAL HIGHLIGHTS + LIST THE OTHERS VERY QUICKLY: NAPALM DEATH, VERBAL WARNING, COIL, PARAMEDIC SQUAD, SOME OTHER YEAR, NIGHTMARE, THREE HEADS NODDING, LOOK MUMMY, CLOWNS!, REPLACEABLE HEADS. I'm SURE I'VE MISSED SOMEONE OUT, I KNOW IT. WHOEVER YOU ARE I'M SORRY. NOW THE BITS ARE RIGGIT FOR PERSONAL LIKEDNESS:

ATTRITION- BEING VERY MUCH AN OUT-OF-TOUCH SORT I DON'T KNOW IF I'M BEING UNTRENDY OR TRENDY LIKING ATTRITION BUT I COULDN'T CARE MUCH. TO MY LIMITED KNOWLEDGE OF "THAT" SORT OF MUSIC ATTRITION SOUND LIKE JOY DIVISION. SOME SONGS WERE A BIT NOISEY AND HURT A BIT BUT MOST OF THE SET WAS REALLY NICE (IF YOU'VE HEARD THEM YOU MIGHT REALISE THAT "NICE" IS NOT REALLY THE WORD I WAS LOOKING FOR) ANYWAY, THE GOOD SONGS WERE VERY GOOD AND THE SLIDE PROJECTOR WAS WORTH IT'S USE. IT FINISHED OFF THE ATMOSPHERE OF STRANGENESS PERFECTLY. FOR ONCE, THE DOOM SOUNDED GENUINE. THAT'S WHY I THOUGHT THEY WERE A BIT LIKE JOY DIVISION. I'M SURE I'M SAYING ALL THE WRONG THINGS. BUT THEN AGAIN I CAN'T BE, THERE SHOULDN'T BE ANY SUCH THING AS "WRONG". LASTLY, A SONG CALLED "SURGE AND RUN" WAS BRILLIANT AND I'D LIKE TO SEE THEM AGAIN. THANK YOU.

THE APOSTLES- MISSED FIRST GIG, THEY DID PLAY TWO OTHERS AS STAND-INS FOR OTHERS AND I SAW BOTH. THE APOSTLES' ATTITUDE TO THEIR MUSIC IS A HEALTHY ONE.... THEY DON'T PLAY LIVE WHAT THEY PUT ON THEIR RECORDS BECAUSE YOU MIGHT AS WELL PLAY THE DAMN RECORD. SEEMS LOGICAL. SO WHAT DO THEY DO LIVE? ACCOMPANIED BY SOME PRETTY WEIRD BACKING TAPES THEY MAKE SOUNDS A BIT LIKE, ER, THE APOSTLES LIVE. DAVE AND ANDY PLAY BASS AND SIX-STRING BETWEEN THEM + ALSO SHARE THROATAL CHORES. ONE SONG THEY DID WHICH REALLY STOOD OUT WAS "THE SCREAM", FERKING EXCELLENT. SEEMS TO ME THAT THE APOSTLES ARE ALWAYS WORTH SEEING LIVE. YOU'RE NEVER SURE EXACTLY WHAT YOU'LL GET BUT WHATEVER IT IS IT WILL SPARK A REACTION. ISN'T THAT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT? THANK YOU.

PETER NORTH- THE ULTIMATE EXPERIENCE OF FEELING. PETER'S MUSIC IS CONCERNED SOULY WITH ANIMAL LIBERATION. TO ANYBODY WHO COULDN'T GIVE A DAMN FOR ANYTHING BUT THEMSELVES PETER'S SOUNDS WOULD BE PURE NOISE AND CACOPHONY. "A LOAD OF SHIT". TO THOSE WHO KNOW WHAT GOES ON BEHIND LOCKED LABORATORY DOORS, AND BATTERY FACTORY FARMS, AND ON THE ICE OF CANADIAN SHORES, AND THE SEAS OF EXTINCTION, PETER'S MUSIC IS THE CRY OF FEAR, THE SCREAMS OF PAIN. HIS SAX IS THE SOUND OF TEARFUL HATRED AND RESENTMENT. THE MUSIC HE MAKES DRAWS VAST PICTURES OF ANIMAL SUFFERING AND IS SO MOVING THAT I FELT LIKE, YOU KNOW, REALLY HACKING UP A POLITICIAN, OR SOMETHING. (CONFUSED? YOU WILL BE) I RECOMMEND THE WHOLE WORLD TO EXPERIENCE PETER NORTH BECAUSE HE IS THE SOUND OF FREEDOM - THE SOUND OF ANGER - ACTION. THANK YOU - THANK YOU - THANK YOU - THANK YOU - THANK YOU.

BET LYNCH – FROM GRIMSBY, A "PEOPLE'S POET", BET LYNCH IS VERY FUNNY. HE DID ABOUT 7 OR 8 POEMS INCLUDING TOPICS LIKE COMMUNITY POLICING, SEX, AND, THE MOST HILARIOUS THING I'VE HEARD ON SQUATTING AS SEEN BY YOUR AVERAGE MR. MEDIA. HE READS HIS STUFF REALLY WELL AND THE RHYMES / RHYTHYMS ARE ALL VERY SHARP AND CLEAR. LACK OF CLICHÉS IS ALSO NOTABLE AND HE'S VERY EASY TO LISTEN TO, GREAT STUFF! THANK YOU.

HAGAR THE WOMB – I THINK HAGAR ARE QUITE A POPULAR BAND AND HAVE A SORT OF CULT FOLLOWING, HOWEVER, THIS MENTION ISN'T AN ATTEMPT TO JUMP ON THE BAND WAGON ETC. HAGAR PLAYED THE GIG WITH 7 PEOPLE ON STAGE, 2 GUITARISTS, A BASSIST, A DRUMMER, AND 3 SINGERS. IT REMINDED ME OF THE OLD HAWKS OR GONG BUT THAT'S TYPICAL OF AN OLD BORING GIT LIKE ME. AS WELL AS THOSE ONSTAGE THERE WERE A DOZENISH DANCERS ALL OVER THE PLACE AND THE WHOLE THING WAS REALLY QUITE SUPER (OK-YAH!) THERE WAS A BIT OF A STRANGE FEELING OF BEING AN OUTSIDER FOR ME, I FELT AS THOUGH THEY WERE ONLY PLAYING FOR THEIR FRIENDS BUT MAYBE I'M A BIT PARANOID. THEIR MUSIC IS BOUNCEY, POPPISH PUNK BUT BY NO MEANS 'COMMERCIAL.' IT'S SORT OF CRASSISH BUT WITH LOTS OF NICE TUNES AND REALLY EXCELLENT BASS LINES. I'M SEEING THEM AGAIN SOON AND LOOKING FORWARD TO IT; HIGHLY RECOMMENDED TO ANYONE. THANK YOU.

NEW 7TH MUSIC – WITHOUT DOUBT, AND WITH NO DISRESPECT TO ANY OF THE OTHER BANDS I'VE SEEN, NEW 7TH. MUSIC ARE THE MOST ENJOYABLE BAND I'VE EXPERIENCED SINCE HAWKWIND AT WOLVES OVER 1½ YEARS AGO. EACH OF THE SEVEN MEMBERS SIMPLY IMPROVISE WITH VARIOUS INSTRUMENTS MAKING THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY SOUNDS. BASICALLY THEY ARE A PERCUSSIVE GROUP, USING BELLS, TAMBOURINES, WOOD BLOCKS, CYMBALS ETC. ETC. WITH ONE SYNTH PLAYER (TASTEFULLY MELLOW) AND A COUPLE OF GUITARS. THEY PLAYED FOR ABOUT 45 MINUTES AND WERE CONSTANTLY CHANGING INSTRUMENTS, WANDERING AROUND PICKING UP ANY BITS + PIECES AND MAKING SOUNDS OUT OF THEM. THEIR WHOLE ATTITUDE IS SO UNPRETENTIOUS AND SOOTHING YOU CAN'T HELP BUT LOVE THEM! DUE TO MANY APATHETIC FANS WHO WENT HOME AFTER THE PREVIOUS BAND THEY ONLY HAD AN AUDIENCE OF ABOUT 10 OR 15 PEOPLE AT MOST. BUT AS SOON AS THEY STOPPED THEY GOT A BLOODY GOOD RECEPTION (WRONG WORD) → → REACTION, THEY DESERVED IT. COMING FROM PLACES SUCH AS BRIGHTON, BOGNOR, TOTTENHAM THEY ONLY 'REHEARSE' EVERY COUPLE OF MONTHS OR SO AND YOU CAN IMAGINE THE AMOUNT OF IMPROVISATION. YOU'RE EVEN INVITED TO JOIN IN WITH BITS OF WOOD OR WHATEVER YOU WANT! MUSIC OF THE FUTURE, AN ALTERNATIVE TO ALTERNATIVES. NEW MUSIC. THANK YOU.

RECESSION – MORE ABOUT IT: THE REASON IT COSTS £1-50 TO GET IN IS BECAUSE EACH BAND NEEDS IT'S FARE. SOME OF THE GROUPS HAVE COME FROM NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST – YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN → LARRY TOLD ME THE MOST HE'S EVER COME HOME WITH IS 85P AND THAT WAS 'COS ONE OF THE BANDS DIDN'T WANT PAYING. IT REALLY IS A NICE PLACE, VERY SMALL AND INFORMAL, AND WORTH EVERY PENNY. I HOPE THAT THOSE WHO'VE COMPLAINED ABOUT THE PRICE AREN'T SEEING K. JOKE ON JAN 1ST. KNOW WHAT I MEAN?! LASTLY, A QUICK IDEA OF BANDS TO COME — BONZO, THE LEGENDARY PINK DOTS, NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS AS WELL AS 100'S OF OTHERS. I DARESAY IF YOU WANT MORE DETAILS LARRY WILL BE MORE THAN A PERUVIAN TREE LAMA TO HELP YOU. HIS HOME ADDRESS IS 53 HOLLYBUSH HILL, SNARESBROOK, LONDON E11 1PX.

> PAUL <

a bit about daevid allen

1: NOW is the happiest time of your life.

opening the album is a spanish guit but → Flamen∞Zero then why do we treat ourselves, likewe do. and Daevid himself talking 2 his kids - Tally + Orlando 'bout the Pothead Piscies of de GONG planet. ok? and the short but sweet → 'Poet 4 sale'. - bout the exploitation of the artiste. and a silly piece called 'CrocodileNonsense Poem' - bout nothink really. Then its "only make love if ya want to'. and then 'I am'. - a freaky bit 2 get zonked 2 (if ya really want 2). and then 'Deya Goddess'. More freaky vibes. All in all - a decento album, said 2 have saved several suicide people from doing it. Happy and very truthful → so if ya feelin sow → get in touch.

2: Daevid Allen Playbox → Divided Allien - '80

'When', 'well', 'bell', 'Boon', 'Dob', 'Gay', 'Rude', Disguise', 'Smile', 'Pearls', Bodigas', Froghello', Fastfather', Smile again, but not really.

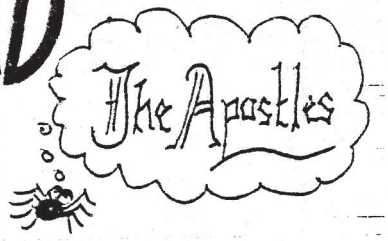
Ok, a nother good album, devoted 2 telling ya bout ya life and what a Ripoff it can be if ya let it. Lots a vibes of the space kind, seeming 2 me 2 be a bit spacey Bauhausish sounding with guitar whining and bathroom sounding noises and lots of Radio Active provocations and youve got 2 enjoy ya-self even if it kills ya or puts ya in the Nick! Worth buying so do it!!

3: the death of Rock 1965-1982 and over enTRANCES

-death of Rock is the track 2 explain 'bout all those dead people and bands who were all appreciated at one time OR noother. - 'Poet 4 Sale' again - with lots of Rude words expressing daevids anger for the managers and rich people ('Tally's Birthday Song' - 'bout Daevids kid missing him while he's away, moving and nice. 'You never existed at all'. People of another world capturing the human soul and devouring it in plates of Mint-Chocchip ice cream? and last is 'afraid'. All in all, the album as the other 2 is about life + living them and things like that. By them and cheer up. ok.

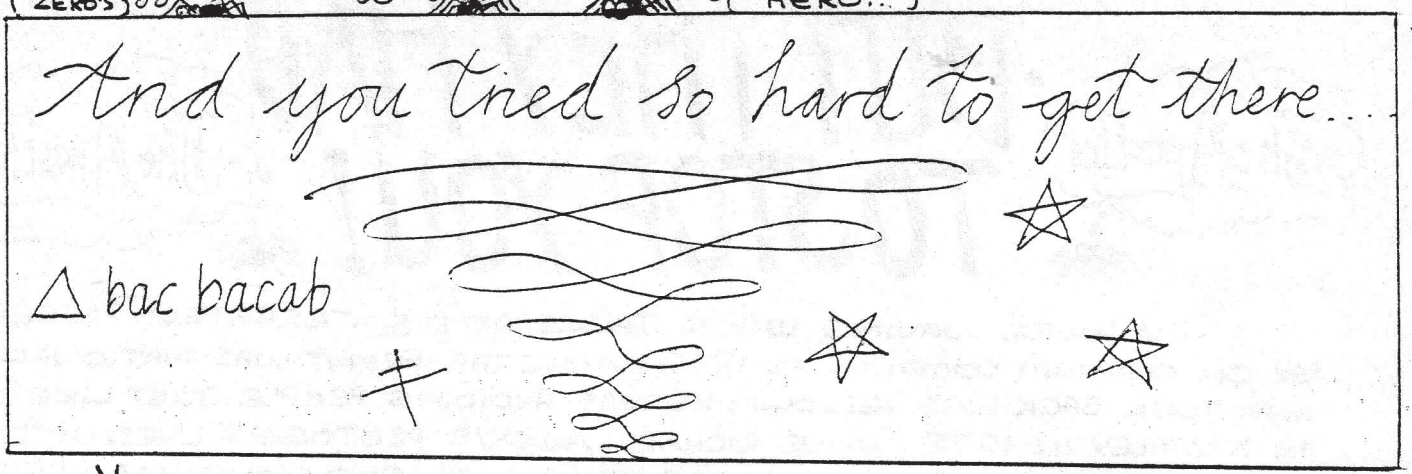
uncle ice cream P. XXXXXX

BUT THEY HAD TO STOP YOU!

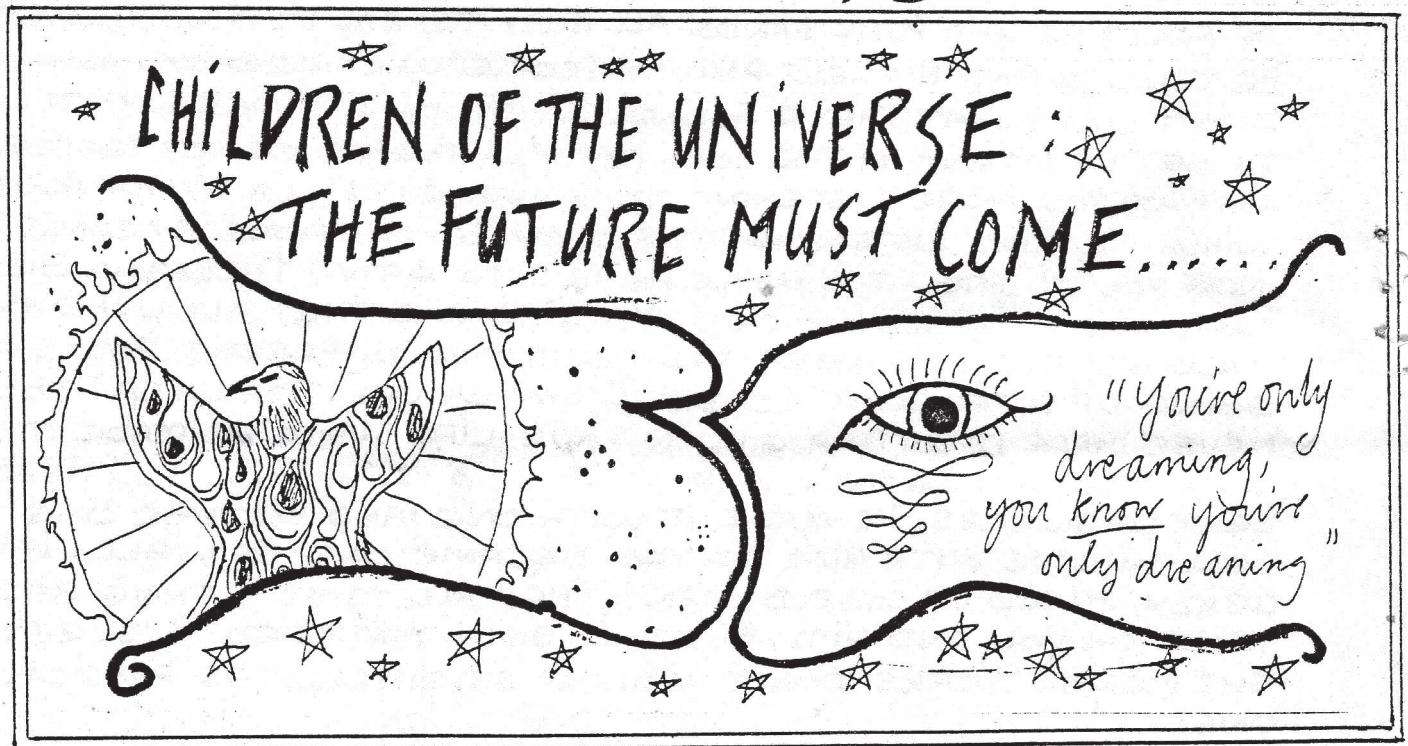


YOU WERE WAVING UNION JACKS AT DISINTERESTED PASSERS BY ON CLAPHAM COMMON IN 1976, WHILE THE FRONT WAS NATIONAL AND YOUR BACK WAS YELLOW; HE WAS AVOIDING PEOPLE JUST LIKE YOU IN BROMLEY IN 1976, WHILE RICHARD ALLEN'S PROTOGÉS LIVED UP TO THEIR IMAGE.... IN 1977 YOU WERE TRYING TO FIND YOUR HEAD (BUT YOU'RE TRYING TO BURY THE ASHES OF YOUR PAST - HA! THE WIND KEEPS BLOWING THEM IN YOUR FACE.) YET WHEN THOSE GARAGE BANDS GOT IT TOGETHER, YOU DUG IT! IN 1977 HE WAS GETTING INTO THAT SCENE, WITH R.A.R. AND A LITTLE TIN STAR; BUT WE'VE ALL GOTTA START SOMEWHERE! WHILE YOU WERE BEING THROWN OUT OF A COUNCIL FLAT FOR REFUSING TO GO TO WORK AND EARN THAT BREAD SAYING "RENT? NO WAY MAN!" HE WAS WORKING AS A PRINTER, LIVING AT HOME AND HATING IT ALL. AS YOU FINALLY GAVE INTO THE SQUATTING SCENE AND GOT YOURSELF A PAD TOGETHER, HE WAS REALLY DIGGING THE REVOLUTION; ONLY BIG BIZMAZ WAS ALREADY OVERTAKING 'N' TAKING OVER. R.A.R. FELL OVER ITSELF AND PUNK JUST GAVE OFF BAD VIBES. MEANWHILE, YOU WERE BEATING UP PUNKS AND BUSY GETTING A PERSECUTION COMPLEX - HE WAS TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM PEOPLE WHO WERE BEATING UP PUNKS AND BUSY, ER, Y'KNOW.... BY THE TIME YOU GOT THROWN OUT OF YOUR UMPTEENTH PAD, HE WAS GETTING IT TOGETHER TO LEAVE HIS. YOU THOUGHT YOU'D FOUND THE ANSWER IN ANARCHY, BOMBS, GUNS AND REVOLUTION WHILE HE THOUGHT HE'D FOUND THE ANSWER IN ANARCHY, PEACE AND FREEDOM. YOU SET UP YOUR HOUSING CO-OP AND TRIED TO LIVE IN IT, WHILE HE LEFT HOME AND TRIED TO LIVE WITHOUT IT. YOU TRIED TO FIND YOURSELF AMIDST THE HAZEY WORLD OF FANZINES AND PUNK BANDS ALL BUSY TRYING TO FIND THEMSELVES. HE TRIED TO FIND HIMSELF AMIDST PEOPLE WHO ALREADY HAD AND DIDN'T LIKE WHAT THEY'D FOUND. EX-STUDENT TYPES WHO'D LIKE TO SET UP A TENT IN THE COUNTRY A LA TEEPEE OR NOT TEEPEE? ANYWAY, YOU WERE LISTENING TO URBAN GUERILLA BY HAWKWIND WHILE HE WAS LISTENING TO BLOODY REVOLUTIONS BY CRASS. (NOW YOU'RE INTO A.T.V. WHILE HE IS INTO A.T.V.) THROBBING GRISTLE CAME AND WENT UNNOTICED. YOU, HE AND THEY, ALL LIVED IN HACKNEY BUT YOU WERE ALL TREADING DIFFERENT PATHS AND GOING UP DIFFERENT ROADS. C'EST LA VIE. TRA LA LA! YOU NEVER MADE IT WITH A GIRL IN YOUR LIFE WHILE HE MADE IT WITH FOUR.... AND NOW WISHES TO GOD HE HADN'T. YOU USED TO BEAT UP QUEERS. HE MADE IT WITH ONE AND BECAME ONE. YOU FELL IN LOVE WITH HIM SO YOU BECAME ONE AS WELL. IT'S A CRAZY, MIXED UP WORLD, MAN! THEY ALL TRIED LAYING BAD TRIPS ON YOU AND HIM, BUT YOU BOTH MANAGED TO SURVIVE... BUT MENTAL SCARS DON'T HEAL UP AS QUICKLY AS PHYSICAL ONES.

ZERO'S MY HERO...

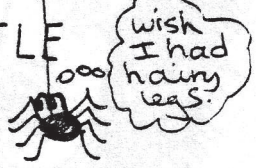


YOU WERE TRYING TO LAY OFF THAT JUNK BUT HIS STASH GOT BIGGER (NOW YOU BOTH GET TURNED ON TO THEE NATURAL ORDER INSTEAD). YOU WERE GETTING PSYCHED UP BY FEELINGS OF GUILT AND SELF-HATE, HE WAS GETTING IN TOUCH WITH HIS AGGRESSION. THEY RELEASED THEIR FIRST RECORD UNDER THOSE VIBES AND IT WAS HEAVY. EVENTUALLY THE LEARNING HAD TO COME AND THEY BOTH GOT INTO EACH OTHER'S HEADS AND TRIED TO SUSS IT ALL OUT.
IN 1986 HALLEY'S COMET REAPPEARS...THEY COULD THEN GO AND SQUAT THE PYRAMIDS BUT I BET THEY'LL STILL BE LIVING IN HACKNEY. THEY CUT THEIR 2ND RECORD IN A FOG OF NEW SELF-DOUBTS, BUT THIS MADE THEM BOTH FIND THEIR INNER STRENGTHS. A 3RD MEMBER HAD JOINED THE CREW_THE DISCIPLES GREW. AND IT CAME TO PASS THAT THE APOSTLES SPREAD THE WORD WITH INTEGRITY NOT INCENDARIES, DIGNITY NOT DREAMS, REALITY NOT REVOLUTION, BEAUTY NOT BOMBS.... IN THE SHADOW OF OPPRESSION WE STAND DEFIANT!
IT'S YOUR LIFE—LIVE IT! The Apostles ©1985.



Pieces of Echo.

CAPTAIN BASTABLE SORTS THRU THE LITTLE PIECES OF GREEN PLASTIC WITH THE RAFFIAWORK ATTATCHMENTS.



"Get your hands off me! Who do you think I am, some sort of slut? Paw, paw, paw, you're always fingering and groping! Do I not excite you mentally? Lust ridden bastard, filthy animal! No, No! Don't even come near me,....please...no...please...please no baby, I'm scared!..." LATER ⇨ "....Now you've had what you wanted and it was me who suffered for it. Why couldn't you have respected my virtue?"

"I LOVE YOU BABY BUT I'M NOT YOUR FRIEND....."

↑ BY THE ISLINGTON ANGEL SOCIETY ↑

And shes the bit continued from the 1st, bits are bits and other bits cont, Me ICP again if you don't understand read it again coz its heavy man, I mean, like bastards are rich, man, they ARE RICH, in fact they're so rich that they're spunk gobblers and they make me wanna throw, I mean not just let the froth trickle, but really puke from deep within me, where's its warm and sticky, and squishy. So onto too many other things are on my mind, pisstaking bastards, cunts, cardboard arse fuckers, pigments of turde, bat and turde, turde reach for the curde turde bird, turde, sycological turde

Another cartoon by Dave A Fanning

The UG CavePeople

INTO THE NIGHT

IT WASN'T AS IF THE LIGHTS HAD PASSED RIGHT THROUGH ME, FALLING EARTHWARDS AND LEAVING NO SHADOW..... I WAS ONLY YOU. SO THE REASONS THAT I WALKED FORWARDS AND PUT MY TRUST IN LIFE WERE YOUR REASONS. IF I LOOKED AROUND ME I ONLY SAW WHAT YOU WANTED ME TO SEE, SO I LOOKED UP, HEAD HELD HIGH - LIKE IN YOUR SEX. AND THERE WAS MY ESCAPE.... ALONE IN THE NIGHT I WALKED FOR HOURS, THE STARS WATCHING.... WE STARED INTO EMPTY EYES OF SADNESS. JUST ME AND THE DEEP, DEEP SKY. IF ONLY YOU KNEW THE FEELING..... THE KNOWLEDGE THAT OUT THERE LIES FREEDOM AND ESCAPE.... BUT AT THE SAME TIME HOW DISTANCE CAN BE SO DEPRESSING. ALONE.....

ALONE WITH MYSELF, A CONSTANT INNER DRIVE TRYING TO KEEP MYSELF FROM GIVING IN; ALONE IN FEAR AND IN SADNESS. SO EVERY NIGHT NOW, ABOUT THE TIME THAT ALL THE ROBOTS ARE RE-CHARGING THEIR PROGRAMMES AND THE NOISE IS MORE BEARABLE, WHEN THE EARTH CAN COME OUT TO GASP SOME DYING BREATHS, I WALK OFF INTO THE PEACE OF DARKNESS.....

LAST NIGHT, AS I WAS LYING DOWN ON SOMEONE'S LAWN, STARING UP AT MY COMPANIONS, I SWARE THAT A STAR I'D BEEN WATCHING FOR OVER AN HOUR BEGAN TO FLICKER AND THEN COMPLETELY DISSAPEARED. THE SKY SMILED, AND KNEW: "YOU STUPID, FUCKING, BASTARD," IT SAID.

— DAG THE HORSE IN TEARS —

ANOTHER DAY... ANOTHER LIFE.....

YOU KNOW, THERE ARE THOSE LITTLE MOMENTS IN LIFE, THOSE STRANGE, AMAZING, UPLIFTING MOMENTS WHEN I FEEL SO PROUD OF BEING A HUMAN(E) BEING; KNOW WHAT I MEAN.....?

"As we walked along the rows we found dogs whose rusty chains were so cruelly tight around their necks that they had become deeply embedded in large circular wounds. Many chains had caught on the torn iron so that the dog could neither sit nor stand naturally. We released one of these dogs and the ravenous creature, who may have been in that position since the Friday, began to eat the feces of the dog next to him. Some sick dogs lay in their own vomit and feces too sick to move. We found dead dogs and dogs whose operation wounds had burst their stitches. One bitch who had just given birth to a litter on a cold wet concrete. One puppy had rolled away and her chain would not allow her to reach it.

"We found an area behind the 'big shed' where about 15 or more dogs were tied, some to stakes. These were the thinnest dogs of all, their skin hanging in folds on their sad, unsteady bodies. In the few water bowls that were not empty we found green slime. When we emptied it we found worms living in the bottom of the bowls.

As a result of experiments flesh has rotted away from the hind leg, leaving bone exposed.

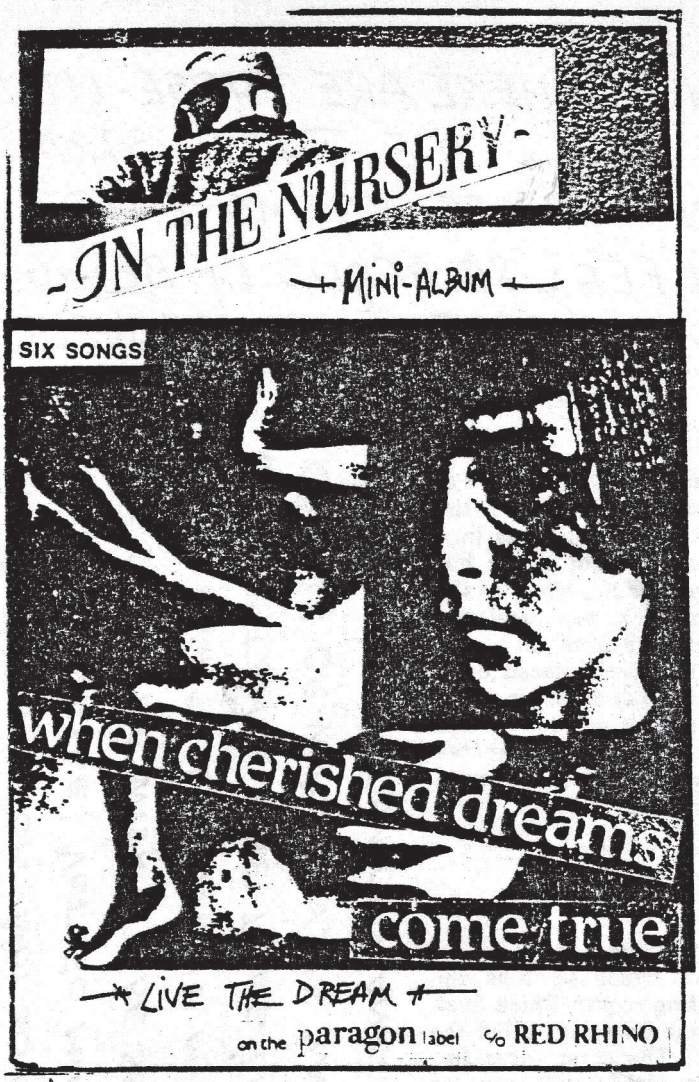
"We returned to the center of the compound and entered the other large shed. This was in a much better state of repair but the dogs were as neglected as the others. One dog was paralyzed in the back legs from an operation. He had been placed on a resting shelf away from his water and he could not get down. We lifted him down but when we returned two days later we found he had hanged.

"Next we went down to the dark cellars which serve as animal operating rooms. Thick dust, cobwebs, rat droppings filled the corridors. The first operating room was filthy and crowded with old broken furniture, empty bottles, bloody rags and dead dogs. A running tap, apparently unnoticed, soaked the post-operative animals left on the floor. A small white dog which had a recent heart transplant lay tangled in its chain. It had no drinking water, bedding or food. As it tried to greet us, feebly wagging its tail, we saw that the flesh from its hind leg had rotted away, leaving the bones exposed. We learned later that this was the result of a drug given to reduce immunity to its transplanted heart. The dog, little more than a puppy, remained affectionate.

"Other experiments lay, dirty wet and hungry around the floor. Unconscious dogs still under anesthetic had not even been given a bowl of water to help them through the worst moments. We found dogs whose eyes and feet had been gnawed away by rats. We could only hope that they had been dead before the final assault."

E.D.Y.A.B.B.D.G

NOT SO MUCH THE FEELINGS WITHIN ME OR THE DESPERATE APATHY THAT TRIGGERS REACTION. NOT SO MUCH THE LONGING, THE LONGING FOR SOMETHING ELSE. NOT SO MUCH THE LONELY TEARS, WASHING AT MY MIND. NOT EVEN THE WISH TO BE SEEN, AS A MARTYR OR A HERO FIGHTING THE GOOD FIGHT. I THINK IT MIGHT BE THE GUILT, SOMETHING YOU MAY NOT UNDERSTAND. ONE THING THAT PUSHES ME MORE THAN ANYTHING, RIGHTLY OR WRONGLY, IS HATE. WHEN I SEE A PICTURE OF A DEAD ANIMAL, A VICTIM OF MANKIND, MY HATRED FOR YOUR APATHY INCREASES.



IN THE NURSERY

I KNEW WHEN I WAS TALKING ABOUT RECESSION THAT I'D LEFT OUT A GOOD BAND BUT COULDN'T THINK WHO! IT'S THIS LOT! DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY COME FROM OR WHAT THEY'RE DOING AT PRESENT BUT THEY SEEM TO BE GOING ALONG OKAY. THEY ARE A 3-PIECE WITH GUITAR, BASS AND A MILITARY-STYLE DRUMMER WITH JUST TWO DRUMS. THEY ARE A POWERFUL, TUNEFUL, TIGHT BAND WHO HAVE REALLY GOT IT TOGETHER, AND I REALLY ENJOYED THEM. ONE OR TWO SONGS IN PARTICULAR WERE VERY MOODY AND WERE PLAYED WITH SO MUCH FORCE AND ENERGY. PARTICULARLY LIKED THE BASS SOUND AND THE TRIBAL DRUMMING. SHOULD BE GIGGING REGULARLY SO GO AND HEAR/SEE THEM. THANK YOU.

>PAUL<

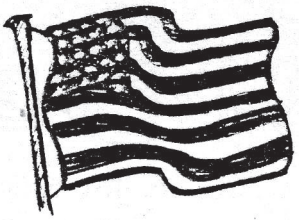
THE HISTORY OF GARDENING

PROBABLY ONE OF THE STRANGEST GROUPS AROUND AT THE MOMENT. THE LEAD VOCALIST AND SAX PLAYER WHO CALLS HIMSELF CAPTAIN MUBBERS 'PHONED ME UP AND ASKED FOR A SMALL MENTION IN CFA. SO HERE ARE THE DETAILS OF "THOG". A SIX-PIECE BAND AS FOLLOWS: RUPERT (SYNTH), MR BARBOUR (GUITAR + SYNTH), DOUGLAS PUMPKIN (BASS + VOCS), CAPTAIN MUBBERS (LEAD VOCS + SAX), HENRY THE TURNIP (SYNTH, GUITAR + VOCS), AND DAG THE HORSE IN TEARS (PERCUSSION + VOCS).

THE TAPE I HEARD WAS PRETTY DISTURBING. THEY SOUND LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN JOY DIVISION, V. UNDERGROUND, BANSHEES, GONG, HAWKWIND AND EARLY BUCKS FIZZ. LYRICALLY MUBBERS AND BARBOUR COMBINE TO WRITE SOME RATHER STRANGE DITTIES. I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT ELSE TO SAY. AVAILABLE SOON WILL BE A LIMITED EDITION TAPE CALLED "YAG YAG AND TURNIPS" WHICH FEATURES THE FOLLOWING SONGS: "THE RASPBERRY ROOM", "UNCLE DOUGLAS AND HIS MAGIC PUMPKIN", "LIP READ EYES", "SUCKING A VEIN", "DIG THAT FUNKY VEGETABLE", "DYING", AND A VERSION OF BUCKS FIZZ'S "MAKING YOUR MIND UP". TAPE SHOULD BE READY SOON FROM CFA'S ADDRESS.....

>PAUL<

AAAARGH.



CFA'S CHRISTMAS AWARD TO THE MOST UNSELFISH AND THOUGHTFUL PERSON OF 1986 GOES TO..... JOANNA CARSON!!!

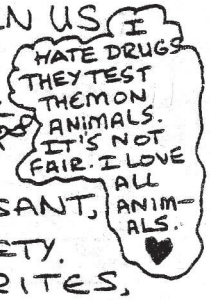
AMERICA'S top television personality Johnny Carson is being asked to pay more than £146,000 a month in temporary alimony to his wife Joanna.

- **£24,000 just for furs and jewels**
- **£950 for groceries, £500 for the phone**
- **At least £3,000 for her clothes**

WHAT A LOVELY PERSON SHE MUST BE, A PROUD EXAMPLE OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN. I MEAN FOR GOD'S SAKE YOU LOT, HOW ON EARTH CAN PEOPLE LIVE LIKE THAT IF WE LET THOSE DIRTY, DISGUSTING COMMIE REDS RUN ALL OVER US? HER AWARD, WHICH SHE'S FLYING OVER TO COLLECT TOMORROW, IS A SILVER EFFIGY OF ONE OF THOSE DIRTY, GROVELLING LITTLE THIRD WORLD BRATS WHO SEEM QUITE CONTENT TO GO ROUND WITHOUT FOOD OR CLOTHES. PLUS A LOVELY NEW MINK WITH MATCHING TEA COSEY. LOTSALUV JO.....

HAPPY XMAS TO US!

OUR AMERICAN BROTHERS AND SISTERS COULDN'T HAVE GIVEN US A BETTER PRESSIE THIS YEAR, EH? CRUISE – WE LOVE YOU.



DRUGS (GASP!!)

...ENVELOP MY MIND IN POCKETS OF GREEN GASKIN, SO THAT EVEN CEASERS CAN HIPPO AND STIR JAM...."

> MUM <

① THOSE THAT TAKE DRUGS ARE DESPERATE, DANGEROUS, UNPLEASANT, AND OF NO REAL USE IN OUR SOCIETY.

② THOSE THAT DON'T ARE HYPOCRITES, GROSSLY UNDIPLOMATIC AND USUALLY HAVE OPINIONS SIMILAR TO THE ABOVE.

Which of the above two would you consider to be "nearest" the truth?

> JONO <

SOME OTHER YEAR → ARE PLAYING AT THE RUSKIN ARMS ON THE 15TH DECEMBER.

THE ASSASSINS OF HOPE:

....ARE SEEKING A VOCALIST FRONTPERSON FOR THEIR BAND. ESSENTIALLY A PUNK-TYPE BAND BUT WITH LOTS OF DIFFERENT IDEAS. IF YOU FANCY GIVING IT A GO PLEASE PHONE ME (PAUL) 590-7442 AND I'LL PUT YOU IN TOUCH WITH THEM. THEY COME FROM THE EAST LONDONISH AREA + HAVE QUITE A LOT OF EXPERIENCE.

ODDS & SODDS

BY A MEXICAN TREE ~~FROG~~ spider

'KIN BETTER

THE QUIZ IN ISSUE 2 WAS WON BY MR S. KINZLEY (WHOEVER → HE MAY OR MAYNOT BE). HE GOT 11 OUT IS. BAD LUCK NIK, WHO GOT 9. THE CROSSWORD BELOW WAS DONE BY RICHARD & LIZ(?) NO MONEY FOR THE WINNER THIS TIME COS WE'VE WORKED OUT OUR EXPENSES PROPERLY THISTIME!

THE ANSWERS TO THE QUIZ, BY THE WAY, ARE AS FOLLOWS: ① LIKE A SONG – U2, ② PASSION OF LOVERS – BAUHAUS ③ I AM THE WALRUS – BEATLES ④ THEN THERE WERE NONE – THE ENID, ⑤ FIVE YEARS – BOWIE, ⑥ URBAN GUERILLA – HAWKWIND, ⑦ EMPIRE SONG – KILLING JOKE, ⑧ ARNOLD LAYNE – FLOYD, ⑨ BIG A, LITTLE A – CRASS ⑩ OILY WAY – GONG ⑪ DON'T KILL THE WHALE – YES ⑫ STRAIGHT AHEAD – HENDRIX ⑬ NERVES – BAUHAUS, ⑭ NATIONAL ACROBAT – BLACK SABBATH, AND LASTLY ⑮ ISOLATION – JOY DIVISION. SUPERDOOPA. OKAY, THAT → IS VARIOUS TAPES COMPILED BY LARRY WHICH ARE (OR SHOULD BE) AVAILABLE FROM: LARRY, 53 HOLLYBUSH HILL, SNARESBROOK, LONDON E11 1PX. AND THIS IS A CROSSWORD?

CFC 010 Play Loud: ROBERT GILLHAM One side Commercial. The other Uncommercial Wierd, Wacky & Wonderful £1.10 or c90 & 35p

CFC 027 FRESH HATE POLITICAL ASYLUM 15 Tracks of punk music in a £200 quid bi age in an 8 Track studio, emphasis on music rather than punk, lyrics of an diet nature on cover by Political asylum £1.40 sorry no blanks please.

CFC 009 A SUDDEN SURGE OF POWER VARIOUS ARTISTS A Collection of tracks by ATTRITION, CFC (causes for concern), CULT OF THE SUPREME BEING, CULTURA LAMNESIA, CTI CHRIS&COSEY, GAMBIT OF SHAME, MANDIBLE RUMPUS, MARTIN HOWARD NAYLOR, MEX, NEW 7th MUSIC, PAUL KELDAY, RAMSHACKLE AMMONITION BAND, RED HERRING, SECTION 10, TEST DEPARTMENT, WE BE ECHO, 12 CUBIC FEET, 400 BLOWS 25 Tracks, 18 Groups on a c90 plus 24 page A5 Booklet of Art Work/Views & Features on the artists involved £2.30 or C90 & £1.25 "

CFC 011 THE LORDS RIDGE: MICHAEL JONES "Verses from the Extremely music to the Extremely calm" 15 Tracks of Ambient, Electronic Music, instruments used are Drum machines, Tapes, Organs, Synths, Electric pianos, Guitar, Electric Cricket Bat (Honest) £1.20 or C30 &35p "

CFC 012 THE LAST CHANTS: PAUL KELDAY A Never Ending, Non Structured, Cosmic, Ice Cream Van Jingle, Paul Plays his Electro Acoustic, Atmospheric Music £1.20 or c90 & 35p cover by paul kelday

CFC 815 THE MOB & THE APOSTLES LIVE AT THE LMC 22/1/83 The Mob play well, but the Apostles Are Hindered By a Pacifist P.A £1.10 or c90 & 40p

CFC 016 NOTHING SHORT OF A TOTAL WAR: THROBBING GRISTLE METABOLIC MUSIC FROM OUR OWN SWEETHEARTS TG £1.80 or c90 & 60p

CFC 017 FACE THE FIRING SQUAD: 3rd DOOR FROM THE LEFT 12 Tracks of Studio Recorded, Electronic, Rythyms, Pure music. This tape puts TG to shame, also comes with an A5 booklet of visuals & features on TOPTL. £1.20 or c90 &45p

CFC 018 A SUDDEN SURGE OF SOUND THE APOSTLES 21 TRACKS of Apostles Earlier moments, NEVER to appear on studs, These Tracks mark an ERA of DIY.. BRILLIANCE comes with a booklet with lyrics, pictures, Views. £1.50 or c90 & 50p

CFC 022 THIS BORDERING BEAT IS NOT IMPULSIVE SYSTEMATIC ILLUSION 2 tape release of avatam atic illusion. one side 8 tracks RAW RYTHYMIC ELECTROBOP Other side sound collage sincerity £1.10 or c90 & 40p

CFC 023 CEZA EVIL WE BE ECHO Probably one of the best Electronic tapes of the 80 years of this century to 83. 18 Tracks of pure Professionalism, studio recorded, ya also get a badge WOWWWWZEEEEEEEZ £1.50 or c90 & 50p "

CFC 024 PAEM WYRD MATFIELD & THE POND ACOUSTIC, Theatric, Electronic, Atmospheric tunes from the pond only available from cfc (or c90 & 40p or £2.25 from M. & T. P. H. Q 3 the avenue, matfield, nr tonbridge, kent 11 Tracks on one side, a 45 minute Epic on the other side.....

CFC 026 NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS LIVE AT THE BRIXTON RITZY/ELECTION NIGHT On walks a clown and tells a boring joke, so good ole Emissions interupt him with their brand of electro-subliminal-funk-noisetrack £1.50 or c30 & 60p

I can't 'kin read it

10 ACROSS IS FRAGILE BY YES, INNIT?

Hey baby, like, heavy.

Dont ya just dig my shirt baby?

GONG

'KIN GOOD DRAWING

spider

Gonna 'Kin do Jeffrey when I det my hands on him...

24

my name is ell dingo and you love me.

FREE ME PLEASE

WHY'S THERE SO MANY 'KIN SPIDERS ALL OVER THE 'KIN PLACE?

THESE ARE PROBABLEE THEE CROSSWORD CLUES

THIS BIT IS TO PUT A QUOTE IN FROM A SONG BY HAWKWIND THAT I THINK IS QUITE PRETTY. HOPE WE DON'T GET DONE FOR THE OLD © ETC. ANYWAY, HERE IT IS:

"I AM A CLONE I AM NOT ALONE, EVERY FIBRE OF MY FLESH + BONE IS IDENTICAL TO THE OTHERS – EVERYTHING I SAY IS IN THE SAME TONE AS MY TEST-TUBE BROTHERS VOICE – THERE IS NO CHOICE BETWEEN US...."

"Spirit of the Age"
©Hawkwind.

IT'S ALL FOR YOU, IF YOU TURN THE PAGE, BUT THAT'S THE SPIRIT OF YOUR AGE.

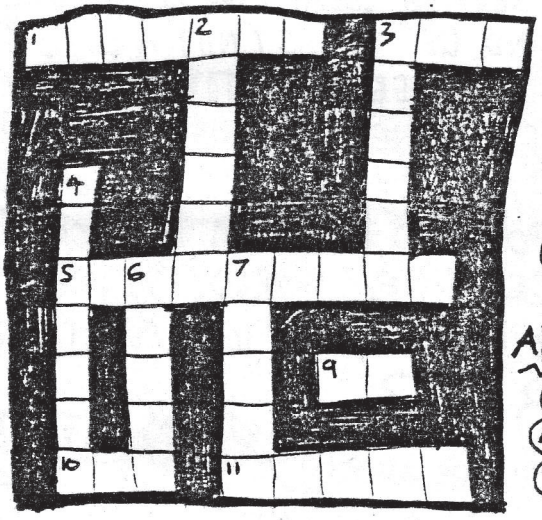
ACROSS

① Dave's had a ride 13
⑥ It's gonna getcha Lennon said 11
⑧ Uppa fast 5 ⑩ Yes, it's liable to break! 7
⑨ Comfy biker 8 ⑫ Large tent in Soho 7
⑬ Doctor Doctor please I keep seeing flying lights 3
⑯ Fall over Sid 4 ㉓ Dada Ian Gavadi (anag) 13
⑱ Yes, he hands the baton on 7
⑲ Difference 'tween Yes + Tull vocals 3
㉒ Flies free with Angels ㉗ They've really got ya!
㉝ Enid to be felt! 7 ㉜ Great Cucumber massacre! 11
㉞ Less than cheap group 4.

DOWN

② Mix red + blue and get a drummer 8
③ Something wicked... 4 ④ Hawk rules all!!!
⑦ Happy poet for Sale ⑤ ~~OZZY~~ rode one. ⑪ Tull for scuba divers.
⑭ Gold at the end of Blackmore's.
⑰ Cerebral Precipitation....! ㉔ Enid blyton's hero. 5.
㉕ Bonzo harpoons a whale. ㉖ Synthetic band.
㉘ Uranium Floyd...! ㉚ Rock Opera.... THANX.

Inspired by the X-word that was sent in we thought we'd have a try at our own one. A packet of Sesame Seed Lamas to the person who sends in the first correct entry....→

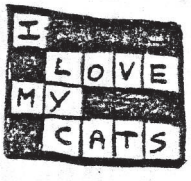


CLUES ← ACROSS →

① Bread made from donkeys.
③ Gaskin.
⑤ My cats listening to "The Golden Void" by Hawkwind.
⑨ Kept in Cpt. Mubbers elbow.
⑩ Large animal found in Peruvian bannanas.
⑪ Medieval song about goats.

AND DOWN

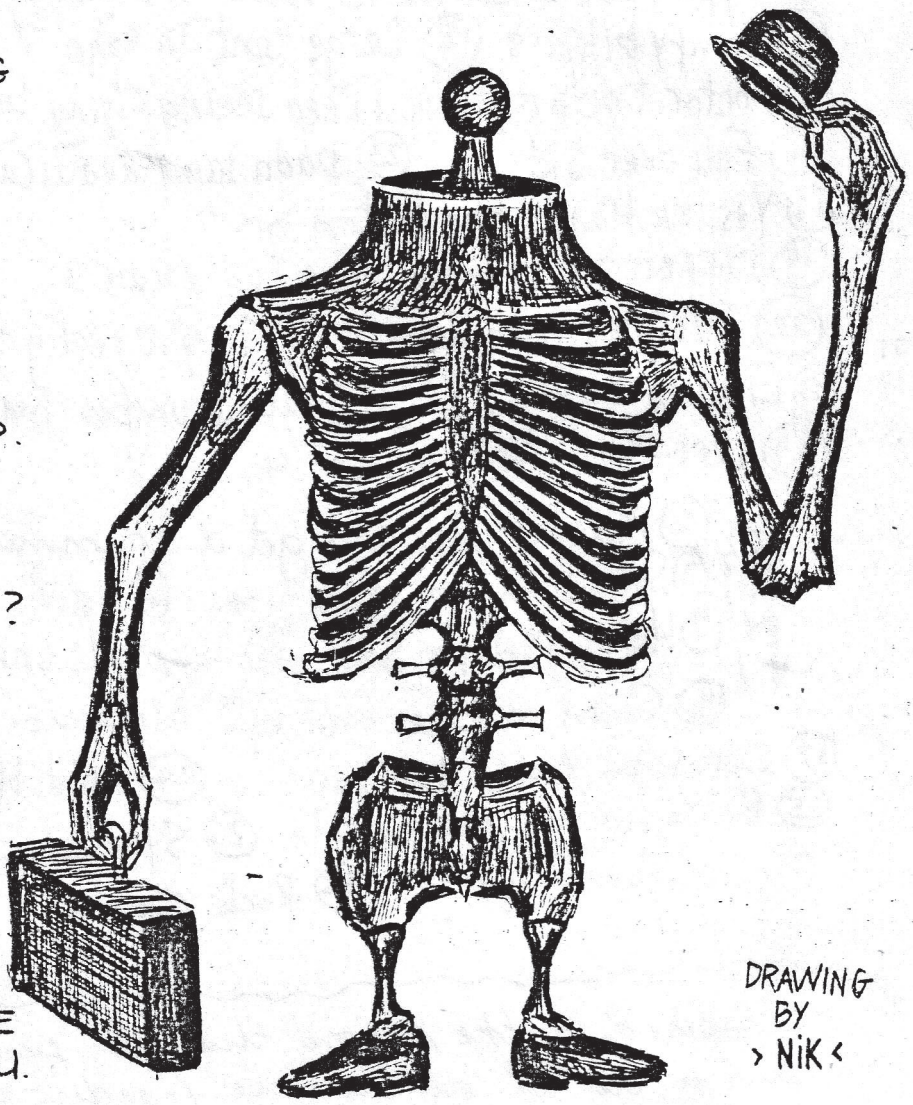
② Another word for "Crustangle"
③ Honey and chocolate drink for paper tissues.
④ When you are shiney. ⑥ God's son is called Je-us.
⑦ Word meaning "to lose the friend of ㉕ one of my uncle's favourite daughters."



ROBOT · ROBOT · R-O-B-O-T ·

YOU REALLY THINK YOU'RE "FREE" DON'T YOU? YOU HONESTLY BELIEVE THAT YOU'RE ON THE RUN, ALWAYS OUT OF THE SYSTEMS REACH. OH YEAH, OKAY, SO YOUR NINE TO FIVE JOB IS ONLY A TEMPORARY LAPSE IN THE IMMACULATE LIFE YOU'VE SUSSED OUT FOR YOURSELF. I MEAN YOU CAN STILL GO OUT AT NIGHT, HAVE A "LAUGH" DOWN THE PALAIS, PICK UP SOME "CUNT," GET OUT OF YOUR HEAD AND REALLY "ENJOY IT." OH NO, THE SYSTEM WILL NEVER TIE YOU DOWN, NEVER CHAIN YOU TO ANYTHING YOU DON'T WANNA DO. YOU ARE "FREE!"

> FUCK YOUR IDEA OF FREEDOM - YOU DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD. WHAT THE HELL IS SO "FREE" ABOUT GETTING PISSED AND "FUCKING" PEOPLE? YOU ARE A SHIT. YOU ARE A MORON. CAN'T YOU LOOK AROUND YOU? CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT IS GOING ON IN THIS "FREE" WORLD? BY TAGGING ALONG WITH THE SHEEP YOU'RE SUPPORTING THE WHOLE STRUCTURE THAT OUR WORLD IS BUILT AROUND. BECAUSE OF THAT, I RESENT YOU. I NEARLY HATE YOU.



DRAWING BY > NIK <

WHY CAN YOU NOT UNDERSTAND THAT FREEDOM LIES WITHIN YOU? IT LIES WITHIN US ALL, AND DRUNKEN ORGIES OF SELFISH ESCAPISM IS NOT THE WAY. OKAY, I GET PISSED (QUITE A LOT) AND USE DRUGS (NOT A LOT) BUT INBETWEEN TIMES I'M FIGHTING - DOING MY FEEBLE BIT TOWARDS CHANGING THE SOCIETY INTO A BETTER, MORE CARING ONE. THERE'S THOUSANDS LIKE ME AS WELL, THOUSANDS — AND POTENTIALLY MILLIONS. NO LONGER THE TEENAGE REBEL OF THE 50'S 60'S 70's, NO LONGER A FASHION TO FOLLOW. THIS IS THE BEGINNINGS OF A 'BRAVE NEW WORLD.' SO WHEN I DIE, I'LL KNOW I'VE DONE SOMETHING TO HELP IN THE FIGHT FOR CHANGE —

— WHAT ABOUT YOU, MR. ROBOT?

WORDS BY → MR FLESH

Making Your Mind Up!

I WAS JUST STROLLING ALONG, GOING NOWHERE IN PARTICULAR AND THINKING OF LIFE IN GENERAL.... THE CRAP AND ALL THAT SORT OF STUFF. HAPPY AS A PIECE OF RUBBER AND MINDING MY OWN. "JESUS," I THOUGHT. "WHAT A FUCKIN WORLD THIS IS, I WANNA CHANGE IT!" NO SOONER HAD THESE THOUGHTS LEFT MY NOSE WHEN A HIDEOUS BEAST CONFRONTED ME IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET. "HELLO, LITTLE BOY, SO— YOU DONT LIKE THIS OLD SOCIETY EH? WANT TO CHANGE IT EH? I'VE GOT JUST THE THING YOU'RE AFTER". AT THAT HE GRABBED ME BY THE BRAIN AND TOOK ME TO HIS SHOP. "LOOK AT THIS" HE CRIED, WAVING HIS HANDS WILDLY OVER THE DISPLAY COUNTERS. THE SHELVES WERE PACKED WITH BOOKS, FANZINES, BADGES, CLOTHES, ALL SORTS OF STRANGE AND FOREIGN OBJECTS. "NOW THEN" THE HIDEOUS MAN SAID, EYEING ME UP AND DOWN, "YOU LOOK LIKE A BIT OF A HIPPY, HOW ABOUT ONE OF THESE TO START— " HE PINNED A BADGE TO MY SHIRT, ON IT WERE THE WORDS "Peace, Baby!"... "ER, NO THANKS," I SAID, "HAVE YOU GOT ANY IDEAS HOW..." "WHAT ABOUT A NAZI EH? WANT TO BE A NAZI, SONNY?" "NO THANK YOU, I..." "RED— A COMMIE RED, MORE YOUR SCENE IS IT?" "NO, NOT AT ALL." I TRIED TO ASK HIM FOR SOME REAL IDEAS ON HOW I MIGHT GET SOMETHING SERIOUS TOGETHER BUT HE SHOUTED ME DOWN. "ANARCHIST ARE YA, SONNY? WANNA BREAK DOWN THE SYSTEM ALTOGETHER? CAUSE A REBELLION?..." "I HAD THOUGHT PERHAPS MAYBE, WITH SOME REALLY CAREFUL ORGANISATION..." "OKAY, WEAR THIS BADGE." HE GAVE ME A BADGE WITH A BIG 'A' ON IT..." CLOTHES NEXT, BLACK OF COURSE, AND SOME PAMPHLETS ON MAKING BOMBS." "HANG ON A MINUTE" I SAID, "CAN YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHO I AM, I WANT TO BE AN INDIVIDUAL, NOT SOME MINDLESS ROBOT CARRYING OUT SOMEONE ELSES DESIRES." "YOU WHAT...?"... "I SAID I WANT TO BE WITH PEOPLE WHO CARE FOR EACH OTHER, WHO SERIOUSLY WANT TO SEE CHANGE, I DON'T WANT FASHION... UNDERSTAND?" THE MAN THOUGHT FOR A SECOND AND SAID..... "WE DO A NICE LINE IN MARXISM"

"OH FUCK OFF"

> PAUL <

Auntie Dingo's PROBLEM PAGE.

DEAR AUNTIE DINGO, I AM 18 YEARS OLD AND EVER SINCE I WAS 16 THESE HORRIBLE GREEN FLOWERS HAVE BEEN GROWING OUT OF MY EARS. MY FRIENDS HAVE NEVER MENTIONED IT BUT I'm SURE THEY REALISE. PLEASE, WHAT CAN I DO?

DISTURBED, FULHAM.

You didn't say whether or not your flowers were in bloom or not, however I shouldn't worry if I were you. All teenagers develop this minor irritation at some time in their lives and is all part of growing up. So long as you keep yourself clean and make sure you don't leave water in your ears everything should be fine within a month or so.

DEAR AUNTIE DINGO, MY PROBLEM IS WITH MY BEST FRIEND. WHENEVER WE ARE OUT TOGETHER IN A CROWDED SHOPPING CENTRE OR A TRAIN SHE STARTS HAVING THESE FITS. SHE CROUCHES ON THE FLOOR AND WALKS AROUND PECKING PEOPLE'S FEET AND MAKING CHICKEN NOISES. SHE IS TOO EMBARASSED TO WRITE TO YOU SO I THOUGHT I'D DO IT INSTEAD. CAN YOU HELP?

CHICKEN'S FRIEND, ILFORD.

I can't help you directly i'm afraid but if you get your friend to write to the address below I'm sure they can give her some advice:

> Friends of People who think They are Chickens <
14, Devoncourt Lane,
Norfolk.

DEAR AUNTIE DINGO, WHENEVER I LISTEN TO JOY DIVISION AND EAT MUSHROOM SOUP AT THE SAME TIME I GET THESE AWFULL URGES TO VOMIT. THIS IS SO EMBARASSING IN THE COMPANY OF OTHERS, I DEPERATELY NEED SOME HELP.

I.C.P., ILFORD.

Every time you are about to be sick put your nose in a cup of warm water with 2 teaspoons of bicarbonate soda. If you still feel bad after that try a carrot or a pot of jellied eels in a bucket of Cream.

Don't worry if the symptoms continue, it could be your age or just a rough time you're going through.

Something must break.....!

DEAR AUNTIE DINGO, BLEBNIP MY GRASS SKIRT TO CAT THE SKREE-SKREE WASHER FOR LIMP READING. KROOFRUDI FNIK HRUNT NIZZLE UK. FERKIT. DWAP KER NIKNUR FAZZY? GROTHIT SNIRT IN THE AGAIN FOR KEP ALE RIBBIT, DREKY GLOP-PIB ELL CROTHNUK MIBIX?

> LATVIAN <

You didn't state your age so I can only guess at what your problem is, Latvian. If you wash it twice a day in apple juice and dry it well the flaking should stop. There's no reason why you couldn't get a prescription from your G.P. Most doctors advise calomine lotion spread generously over the length of the problem and left to soak in. Remember though, never leave it out in cold or very hot weather as this could lead to aggraration.

> ANY LETTERS AND PROBLEMS WILL BE ANSWERED <

Farewell, Virgin Elbows....

Holding hands together in the snow and showing each other preces of light, the smoke, the breath, throat, lungs, depression, turde quazimoadoe, nose, parrot, cleopatra and the others go home, so ta muchly 2 Miss HammerPasson to whom my new existance would suffer immensely and to Larry and to Malcolm, Douglas, Micky, JV. SS, RJG, CN and all at de Enid 4 inspiration and keeping my mind at bay and also to the man in the bathroom without a shirt and to Mr Ice Cream Cones friend and to the law and the Horse, Teaful Dag and Doobs from 2 dishes away and 2 the District of Gloucestshire and to them who think we are into what we are into 4 a reason and not just a cosmic ego trip 2 say what and who we hate, maybe specially me, tis best 2 catch me in the mood at which I'm in at present, coz, wow man, many a thought of mine could be exchanged, I mean, space me with your vibes utensil of the dark, sorry, I mean, love and honesty, Sorry 4 the first time, if there is a second time, I hope it works out coz Love is a line trasmission, perhaps only felt by the giver, and anyway, the reciever far 2 busy with the Fridge people and those unhonest stewards from the Yellow Tree, spose it was like I planned - wow, Bliss! ICPX+X→:

Not as much as what thought when one planned or as full from your own selves but a tissue is a tissue, we all fall down. And so, this is xmas, and we hope you have fun, let's hope it's a good one, without and for the meantime to keep you awake, here's our thanxes. Larry, Dave + Andy, Andy T., Dan, Seb the Sib in Sob, Dag the Horse in Tears, Jono, Nik, Dean, Richard, Leon, Peat of the Paramedic Squad for the can of Lager, Mum, Dad, me cats, Slob (please write), Gina, E.M., The Enid for being wonderful, "Still", first K. Joke album, and of course - "The Space Ritual -" the 3 albums that went into inspiring my part of No. 3. Next issue will probably be No. 5 cos we don't think No. 4 is gonna be very good.

Begood; think of things other than yourself this xmas. And don't forget to water your begonias.

Hokay, from Mr Parlour and myself take care, be nice and (seriously) - THANK YOU FOR READING WHATEVER YOU READ IN THIS ISSUE. WISHING YOU LOVE, PEACE, FREEDOM -

Libnib Blib Niplip.
+
Blipnik Plink Blip.

TAKE CARE; BYE.

XXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXX

GOT ME FINKIN IT 'KIN WELL HAS...
NA, NOT ME, THEY'RE JUST A BUNCH A 'KIN TARTS
WHAT A LOAD OF CACK!
GASKIN
MR ICE CREAM PARLOUR, WELL, HE LIVES AT THIS ADDRESS=
19 ARDWELL AVENUE, NEWBURY PARK, ILFORD, ESSEX.
PRINTED AT: INTER-ACTION 01-267-9421 ASK FOR GRAHAM.
Ecky Ecky Ecky
AND PAUL, DINGO, DAG, AND THE OTHER 'KIN
BASTARDS LIVE → HERE →
63 WESTROW GARDENS, SEVEN KINGS, ILFORD, ESSEX.
A Spontaneous Thoughts production. Sept-Dec '83.
Roobarb, Ecky-ecky Roobarb!
I'm A VERY, VERY FRIENDLY SPIDER
AARGH!